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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Good and Bad

Once again, it was a week when the news from the war fronts was mostly good and that from Washington mostly bad. The Russians said the Germans had at last launched a strong offensive which, however, was unsuccessful in its early stages; the Germans did not admit they had begun any major activity. We started a heavy attack in the Southwestern Pacific; Germany and Italy were hammered with increasing intensity from the air. Mr. Churchill confirmed what everyone already knew: that substantially, the battle of the North Atlantic has been won. Admiral Robert of Martinique finally surrendered to the blockade that was rapidly threatening to reduce the population to starvation.

In Washington, however, Congress continued to strike in blind rage at Mr. Roosevelt in almost every way possible. The National Youth Administration was voted out of existence, despite the fine job it was doing in training badly needed war workers. The domestic activities of the OWI were retained, but the appropriation was cut so sharply that the regional offices all over the country are closing. A compromise was reached in the cases of three excellent government officials—Robert Morss Lovett, Goodwin Watson and William E. Dodd, whom the House has been trying to dismiss through virtual bills of attainder. It was agreed that these men should be fired next autumn, but that the President might reappoint them subject to confirmation by the Senate. The House thereupon sneaked a clause into an appropriation bill abolishing the important position held by Dr. Lovett in the Virgin Islands.

The Senate and House acted separately to cripple the National Labor Relations Board. They did so at the instigation of the AFL, which opposes the action of the NLRB in the Kaiser shipyards. The House action, forbidding the NLRB to move in the case of union contracts more than ninety days old, would almost entirely destroy both the NLRB and the law under which it functions.

The only bright spot of the week came with the crumbling of opposition to subsidies in order to hold prices down. Evidently Congress had heard from the country and had discovered, to its amazement, that the country was more concerned to prevent inflation and win the war, than to smear the President.

The House Shows Its Colors

In a country like Great Britain, the Roosevelt administration would have fallen long ago on a vote of no confidence. Probably a general election would have been called, at which either the complexion of Congress would have been changed or a new chief executive would have been selected. The price we pay for our inflexible system of two, four and six-year tenure for the House, the President and the Senate, is occasional long stretches of time when Congress and the President are at such loggerheads that, virtually speaking, the nation is without any government at all.

For such a situation, inevitably, both sides are somewhat to blame. Mr. Roosevelt has certainly made some mistakes, and has proved again that his talents do not lie chiefly in the field of successful administration, with its complementary skill in selecting and dismissing assistants. But with all his faults, we believe history will

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say that he has been far superior to Congress. The American habit of sending to Washington many men who are either painful incompetents or persons who take orders from some economic interest, has never stood us in worse stead than today. These men are gambling with victory in the war in order to serve their own mean and selfish—and sometimes sinister and corrupt—aims.

Perhaps the two most shocking individual acts of recent months have both originated in the House. The first came when Representative Cox was under charges from the Federal Communications Commission of violating a federal law by serving as attorney for a radio station in Georgia. The House responded by instituting a witch-hunting investigation of the FCC and making Cox its head. One must go back seventy years in American history for a parallel brazen disregard of common decency and honor.

The second action was the effort to dismiss, through bills of attainder, Lovett, Watson and Dodd, on unproved charges of radicalism. Here again the House acted as though it had never heard of the American tradition of fair play, of the American Bill of Rights. It was a breath-taking revelation of the kind of men we are educating in our public schools, and permitting to be elected to important office, by fair means or foul.

Action North of Australia

By July 6, the military commentators seemed agreed that the American-Australian offensive in the Southwest Pacific is essentially a defensive operation. It is not the beginning of the march on Tokyo; it is an effort to push the Japanese out of New Guinea and New Britain in order to relieve the danger of an attack on Australia. As Elmer Davis pointed out on the radio, Japan now has a whole series of new airfields about 250 miles apart, all over this area. This enables not only bombers but fighters to be flown from the home islands to any spot they may be needed. We should think of our strategy in terms of these airfields, not merely of islands.

From The London Daily Mirror

"We Have Taken Up New Positions on the Eastern Wall"—Nazi Radio

Once again, for the seventh or eighth time, Chinese sources predicted that Japan was about to attack Russia. All previous predictions having proved false, there is a natural tendency to assume that the same will be the case again. There is no doubt, however, that Hitler is making strong demands that Japan open a second front in Siberia; and it is barely possible that the Japanese may feel it is better to attack Russia now than to wait until Germany has been liquidated. In that case, the American-Australian offensive in the Southwest Pacific might serve to upset the Japanese plans. But it still seems certain that our main attack will come by way of China and the Aleutians and that its first phase will be a bombing similar to that which the Ruhr and Sicily are now experiencing.

Davis Out, Jones In

Appointment of Marvin Jones as Food Administrator is evidence that the tsar method of handling special problems in an isolated way is passing. It has led to too much wrangling and confusion. The interrelated nature of the war economy is such that each problem must be handled like the component parts of an orchestra, and because of Jones's close working relations with Mobilizer Byrnes and his membership on the War Mobilization Committee, food will be more likely to stay in tune with the rest of the band.

Marvin Jones, as chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, led the House farm bloc of the thirties when present farm laws were put on the books, but it doesn't follow that he will now yield to the present bloc. It is significant to note that in his first staff meeting he called the previously ignored Farm Security Administration into the meeting, and that two days later Secretary Wickard made a strong defense of the FSA before the Cooley Committee of the House. At the staff meeting Jones also made it plain that he intends to conduct the War Food Administration in line with the President's stabilization theme—and that anyone who disagrees may quit. Some did. Appointment of Paul Porter, former OPA rent director, as one of his deputies, further indicated that better coördination between the Department of Agriculture and the OPA can be expected. The White House could not trust Chester Davis to carry out its policies, because his political support resided in the inflationist camp. Having worked with Byrnes, Jones enjoys the essential confidence of the High Command. This is a big improvement, since no small part of the trouble in

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the past has resulted from the White House policy of excluding the Food Administrator from the inner councils and then springing things on him. Jones's appointment signifies a turn for the better in the office of the Food Administrator, but Jones still has an extremely tough row to hoe. The big fight is political, and the Texan will be shot at from every angle.

Injustice to General Giraud

As General Giraud arrives in this country for conferences which, the State Department nervously explains, are to be military, not political, in character, one thing is certain: that the United States and Great Britain are being gravely unjust to General Giraud. They have managed, by a series of acts of maladroit diplomacy, to give the impression that he is their agent and that they are determined to keep him in an important post no matter whether the French people do or don't want him. No man can retain the confidence and respect of his own country very long when this suspicion is widespread. De Gaulle may have all the personal faults he has been accused of; but at least, no one disputes that he derives his chief strength from popular support among the French people themselves. For the impossible corner into which Giraud is rapidly being driven, the clumsiness of the American State Department is almost entirely responsible. And it will not do to tell us by way of reply that there are secret facts justifying American policy, of which outsiders are not aware. No amount of secret information can justify pinning your hopes on one man in such a way that those hopes become a political liability, not an asset, to him.

The Use of War Prisoners

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union has protested to Marvin Jones, recently appointed War Food Administrator, that Italian war prisoners were being employed to chop cotton on a Mississippi delta plantation when there was a surplus of native farm labor available locally. H. L. Mitchell, general secretary of the union, wrote Mr. Jones that he had been reliably informed of a cotton planter who had attempted to hire local labor, offering $2 for a fourteen-hour day when other planters were paying $2.50 to $3 for ten hours' work. The planter then applied to the War Department for the use of prisoners from an internment camp nearby, and sixty Italian prisoners were assigned to his plantation at 80 cents per day and board.

In its protest the union made it clear that it had no objection to the use of prisoners of war on farms where there were critical labor shortages, for harvesting perishable food crops, provided that the employers of such labor paid the government a wage equal to that paid American farm workers. We trust that the government will move quickly to investigate the union's charges.

$2,500 Worth of Slander

THERE ARE SIGNS that Washington's administrators are showing some guts in meeting the attacks of the reactionaries. Some weeks ago there was Harold Ickes' blast against the Dies Committee. Last week there was Henry Wallace's attack on Jesse Jones. And a few days later came the statement by James L. Fly, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, that Rep. Eugene Cox was conspiring with Wall Street interests and the radio monopoly to wreck the FCC.

The FCC has not, until recently, been a very strong commission. It had a huge task. It had to blaze new paths of administrative regulation for a new industry. It had to contend with the power of the broadcasting chains and their financial tie-ups among the banking houses. And it faced a Congress which, on the whole, feared that radio might become a positive instrument for advancing democratic thought.

For years the Commission has had a succession of weak chairmen and of members who were, for the most part, second-rate political appointments. As long as it was weak, it had no trouble with Congress. The change came when James L. Fly was appointed chairman, and when Clifford Durr became one of his colleagues. Here finally was a nucleus of strength and leadership. Here were men who believed in freedom, and who interpreted "freedom of the air" in the Holmesian sense of the "competition of ideas" on the air. Here were men who were convinced that the great enemy of American life is monopoly, and who saw their chief job on the Commission as that of keeping monopoly from permanently entrenching itself in a new industry.

The new personnel of the FCC then committed, from the viewpoint of the reactionaries both in and out of Congress, several unpardonable sins. The first was the FCC order asking for the separation of the big broadcasting chains from their affiliates. The second was the FCC decision that television rights should not, for the present, be frozen by being enclosed within the confines of existing monopolies. The third was the disclosure that Rep. Eugene Cox had accepted a fee of $2,500 from a Georgia broadcasting station, apparently for representing it before the FCC.

This last was the crowning sin. It took courage for the FCC to make the disclosure. In a Congress where the balance of power between New Dealers and Republicans is held by the Southern Tory Democrats, Cox is an important force. He had not up to that time gone out of his way to attack the FCC. But now he did.

He did not offer to disprove the charge against him: that would have been difficult, since the evidence included both the broadcasting company's books and the $2,500 check. Instead, he had the gall to ask the House to appoint a committee to investigate the FCC. The House did so, making Cox himself chairman.

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This is something like an all-time low in the moral level of Congress. One of its members is charged with a serious breach of ethics. The evidence is clear and above-board. It is offered not as part of a campaign against the congressman, but in line with the obvious duty of the FCC. And instead of looking into the charge, Congress appoints a committee to look into the FCC, and *makes the very man whose guilt is in question the chairman.*

This is a bit dizzying even for a nation accustomed to Alice-in-Wonderland politics. We have learned not to expect greatness from Congress. We have learned to assume that the majority would be guided mainly by partisanship and bitter President-hatred. But here is a breath-taking breach of the most elementary moral sense. Imagine the outcry throughout the nation's press if it had been committed by a trade union, or an administrative agency, or the President. Yet when it is done by the complacent, clannish, vengeful little men in Congress, only a handful of liberal papers object.

A few days ago the Cox Committee opened hearings on the FCC. The committee's counsel, Eugene Garey, made fifty charges against the FCC on the opening day. And then FCC chairman Fly issued a scorching statement about the whole "investigation."

Fly's statement made the following charges. First, that the whole committee inquiry was part of Cox's vendetta against the FCC for having dared to do its duty and reveal the incident of the $2,500 fee. Second, that Garey, the committee's counsel, was "Cox's Wall Street mouthpiece," and that behind the investigation was a tie-up between the congressional reactionaries and the Wall Street banking interests who controlled the broadcasting chains. Third, that the tie-in between Cox and the radio monopoly, which had been concealed, was "let out of the bag" by Garey's attack on the FCC for having "delayed" television and his attack also on the FCC orders with respect to the big radio chains. Fourth, that the purpose of the Cox-Wall Street alliance was to wreck the FCC. Fifth, that an important tactic of the alliance was to attack the FCC's Foreign Broadcasting Intelligence Service, which has done invaluable work in preventing a single enemy transmitter in this country from communicating with the enemy abroad. Sixth, that the committee had used star-chamber proceedings, had conducted secret hearings without notice to the FCC, had circularized radio stations for complaints against the FCC, had seized a truckload of commission files without giving the FCC a chance to list or copy them. Seventh, that Garey's fifty charges are "fifty vicious conclusions which the committee intends to arrive at, come hell or high water."

"If we must be slandered," Fry adds acidly, "$2,500 worth is enough, and we have been visited with that much long ago."

We do not mean to prejudge the evidence that will be presented to the Cox Committee. But it is patent enough from the whole historical record we have presented that the committee has no valid reason for existence, that the appointment of Cox to its chairmanship was a cynical blow at congressional morality, and that the methods of the committee follow the familiar and arbitrary pattern of the Dies Committee methods. Given the origin and methods of the committee, we do not see how any reasonable American can be influenced by the conclusions it will come to.

And we wonder how all this sits on the conscience of the decent American conservatives, whether in Congress or out of it.

The Govenors Pass the Buck

SHORTLY AFTER THE DETROIT RACE RIOTS, the newspaper PM sounded out the Governors of six states, Michigan, Alabama, New Jersey, California and Texas —where racial violence has occurred in the last few weeks—and Mississippi, which has had its share of disturbances in the recent past. The Governors were asked what steps they had taken and what plans were under way to forestall new disorders. The Governor of Michigan failed to reply. The others, with the exception of New Jersey's Gov. Charles Edison, gave no indication that anything was being done. Governors Paul B. Johnson of Mississippi and Chauncey Sparks of Alabama told PM, in effect, to mind its own business by stating that "outside influences"—newspapers, politicians, misguided philanthropists and "zoot-minded propagandists"—were making matters worse by interfering in local affairs. They joined California's Gov. Earl Warren, and Coke Stevenson, Governor of Texas, in expressing confidence that city and state police were entirely capable of handling race riots.

It is obvious that these Governors mean to do nothing. Paradoxically enough, they feel safer in affirming a stand-pat attitude even if that attitude practically guarantees the recurrence of racial wars. For they know that were they to act sincerely, they would have to act drastically—measures designed to improve race relations would have to cut under racial problems, deep into the social tissue where they are embedded. In the words of Alabama's Chauncey Sparks, "The two races are part of the economy of the South." Evidently the Governors fear changing the economy more than they fear race riots.

Although the Governors failed—and with them the federal government whose official eyes remain closed—fortunately, theirs is not the last word. The struggle for harmonious race relations is part of the broader struggle against reaction which is now running so bitterly in this country. It is preëminently labor's fight. Organized labor is the only force left which is strong enough to fight the destruction of the liberal democratic policies instituted by the New Deal. The struggle

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for the improvement of race relations is to join in the struggle to restore democracy. Labor can win its fight, but it must take over the responsibilities which government has shrugged off. Much can be done (and much has already been done) through educational campaigns; even more can be done through action in factories and production centers. Shop committees on Negro-white relations should be organized, methods for granting the Negro full economic equality should be studied and put into effect. Thereby, labor will gain for its own struggle a valuable ally in the Negro; but even more, the problem of race relations will have been placed in a wider setting where it can receive the attention, and the effective action, it demands.

Government Aid to Health

THE WAGNER-MURRAY BILL now before Congress, providing for an improved and extended system of social security, is a response to the demand by labor for action in this field. No governmental or other agency has conducted the extensive research and consultation which ought to precede the drafting of detailed provisions of this nature. The report of the National Resources Planning Board goes only so far as to outline general principles; Congress has refused it the funds to continue its work. In particular, no comprehensive health program such as Canada has worked out has been formulated in this country, because of the obstructive attitude of organized medicine, which desires only to maintain the status quo. The Wagner bill fills a vacuum, in bringing the issue to the level of action. It is to be hoped, however, that its introduction may serve as the occasion for a thoroughgoing series of congressional hearings.

The health provisions of the bill, for instance, upon first reading seem revolutionary. They promise complete medical care and hospitalization at moderate cost to nearly every man, woman and child living in this country. They oblige the government to underwrite the health of the nation, so that all our energies may be directed toward winning the war now and building a better peace later unfettered by illness and disease.

Under the set-up called for in the bill, everyone covered would have the right to medical care by a physician of his own choice, and hospitalization in a qualified institution when necessary. He would get laboratory services, preventive medical services, special appliances and treatments—even eyeglasses. Cost is to be shared by employer and employee, an extension of the present social-security plan. While tuberculosis and mental diseases are excluded from benefit coverage, their costs are not thrown back on the patient who is so ill that he must be hospitalized. Most of the country's tuberculosis and mental beds are government-operated.

But important loopholes in the health provisions result from leaving present methods of medical practice pretty much as they are. Methods of payment are left to the discretion of physicians in a given area.

The Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service will administer the plan. An advisory council set up to determine policy with him is open to AMA packing. Its members will be selected from established professional and hospital societies. Unless representatives of liberal medical groups, and labor and consumer organizations are included, there is real danger that medical policies will be determined along whatever lines AMA tradition dictates.

Physicians' panels will be limited, probably to 1,000 patients or so. A registration period will be set. In areas where physicians have elected to be paid on a per-capita basis, patients must choose their physicians within the time limit. Otherwise, the administrators will have the right to distribute them pro rata among panel members. In view of the vague provisions for maintaining high-quality service, patients may thus be assigned to doctors of inadequate skill—especially since every area has both good and bad doctors.

Any physician legally qualified by a state to furnish medical services can work under the plan. This includes many unorthodox "cultists," where they are accepted as physicians.

Doctors may charge for certain calls on the theory that people may abuse the insurance plan. Actually, this situation sets the stage for equally grave abuses by the physicians, even though the national administration must approve any surcharges. In the same way, laboratory and other special services may be limited, at the discretion of those who dispense them.

Probably the most serious deficiency of the health plan is exclusion of the indigent from direct participation. Although provision is made for dependents of the insured and for others not falling directly within the compass of the plan, only those who have earned at least $150 actually are entitled to care.

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A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY

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Italy: Conquest or Liberation?

AMERICAN POLICY TOWARD ITALY is becoming an immediate practical issue. Our unpreparedness for this and similar crises is apt to lead us into tragedies. Much energy is being spent in denouncing in advance the "plans" of the State Department. Such administration-baiting is largely an escape from our fundamental responsibilities. The question is: "Have we a public opinion on the subject, and what does it want?"

A first inspection is not reassuring. Average opinion wants a stable peace, to be enforced if necessary, but is far from clear about what the words imply; it is unaware of the problems of power, while looking forward to a keen enjoyment of the facts of it.

Even among thoughtful men, I have found concerning Europe a world of concepts, a closed logic, which appears invincibly strange and disturbing to a European, the more so as it is consistent and documented. What is appraised here as a good solution or a sound man will appear neither good nor sound on the other side. And back of it all there is the magic force of such words as Constructiveness, Law-and-Order, Prosperity. There is the earnest request that people go back to their own business. There is, essentially, the business men's philosophy, which carries in its ample stream many discordant factors in free and hopeful confusion. It is high time they were told that if their local philosophy becomes part of the war aims, it will breed disruptive confusion beyond the ocean: that the most clever attempts at neutralizing or deflecting existing forces to our convenience will breed dangerous reactions.

The first victims of the confusion will be the occupying authorities. One hates to think of angry Roman crowds gathering under Mr. Poletti's balcony to the cry of: "Viva Vallachey!"[1]; of itinerant lecturers preaching Mazzinian Jefferson under the eyes of a bewildered Southern Colonel. Of such quaint occurrences there will be no end, in all quarters. Already, the oligarchs of Italy are maneuvering to contort and confuse the situation still further and to put themselves forward as the indispensable wardens of what we may be assumed to want. "Patrie, Famille, Travail" all over again. The Cardinals treat the people to wonderful double-talk in which the wisdom of superiors, the permanence of Roman civilization, the blessings of their own paternal diplomacy and even the Code of Justinian are scrambled together in a tenacious "stabilizing" gum. The Pope hastily summons twenty thousand workmen to tell them, with quotations from the classics, that evolution is much, much better than revolution—which is no uncertain sign of what those workmen had been talking about. If clues in the Italian press mean anything, by the time we land we may find the whole of the Fascist state machinery, with the exclusion of a few inconvenient personalities, transmuted into "Christian Corporatism," or something equally rich and strange.

As they allow themselves at present to be herded into last-ditch national unity, the people may tomorrow flow with terrified obedience into the new pens, always in the hope of better terms. In a situation without issue, under day and night bombing, society dissolves, and nothing is left but the battered bleeding animal writhing toward safety.

What have we offered these people whom we expect to take a "respected place" in the world of tomorrow? Nothing but bombs and balderdash; four-ton blockbusters and featherweight piffle. Never has a whisper reached them to say that somewhere there was still real democracy and democratic process; that over here the gift of speech did not belong exclusively to generals and statesmen. Never a word implying that we understood what fascism is and what are its dangers, now and forevermore; that we are fighting to remove that disfiguring disease of the social body of which they happened to be the first victims; but instead, hesitant generalities, smug self-righteousness and a berating of Mussolini for not joining us—"us"—in 1940. Nothing, in fact, beyond the clear mandate of Congress. . . . What the Italian people would have needed were personalized words, tangibly free and critical, even partly conflicting (as might have been voiced, *e. g.*, in a Radio Round Table) but such as to carry no connotation of officialdom or of the "other side"; earnest, familiar intelligent words; words appraising the situation so as to bring a light of reason into their own turbid contradictory state of mind. All that was *verboten*. Our propaganda has been largely pro-American blurbs in Fascist form; vague democratic mouthings and Fascist behavior. It is still meant to crush freedom of understanding and choosing, now or in the future.

This is not an accident. It is part of a policy. Our authorities apparently do not believe in selling promises that may not be fulfilled, and truths that might really be taken as self-evident. The democrat should come as a brother; but we are, as we stand, the conqueror, and, possibly, the business connection. As for the men who escaped from the enemy camp, we shall not refuse them, but we have clearly shown by our treatment of De Gaulle, what we think of them. The foreign rebels may count on us, but let them not try to meet us socially.

I have endeavored to extract the harsh logic from its wrappings, in order to show what is actually there: the idea that we have nothing to tell others that could

[1] Note for Republican readers: Vice President Wallace is meant.

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possibly make them our friends and equals, and that if they know their interest they can only choose between being our instruments or being our enemies. This attitude, conveyed by all our propaganda, endorsed with added precautions by the House of Representatives, is the official gauge of our intentions concerning democracy abroad. It is what technicians call a "zero gauge."

The refusal of an open and mentionable plan of international order is again not an administration policy. It stands for the fact that the American nation, even in its new "interventionist majority," is interested in getting enemy nations out of the way, and not much beyond that. The absence of a plan is in itself a plan. As William James pointed out, when you have to make choice and don't make it, that is in itself a choice. In this case it would be Babbitt's choice, all the dear old things that used to work so well, plus the four-motored bomber as an insurance. It implies a restoration of law-and-order on an operational plane, and the hope of doing profitable business with the rest of the world. It means loans for reconstruction, exports of automobiles and machinery, all that is needed to give employment to the boys when they come home. So they hope.

Once the other peoples have been restored to "freedom," *i. e.*, to the familiar sentiments and illusions of national life, we do not intend to meddle with them: we count on the firm but invisible hand of American-controlled cartels and what has to be preserved of the "New Order" to keep them in place. They will be allowed to dislike each other busily (in fact they will be encouraged to do so because it takes their mind away from internal squabbles) so long as they know that what the Big Man says goes. How far does public opinion go along on that? Intellectually, hardly beyond the premises. Virtually, all the way.

All that Americans consciously want is, of course, to help Europe reconstruct itself. Along what lines? Well, lines not incompatible with American aspirations. That's just it. Even admitting that this desire is free of all ulterior motives, the tragic confusion would make itself felt. The European peoples as a whole have gone through an experience which removes them in time and space from Americans to a degree that we hardly suspect. The spirit of aggressive freedom and responsibility which is America's has gained a new understanding, and on that level a deep and lasting bond might be established. But the plane on which Americans live and solve their problems will appear utterly incomprehensible to them. All attempts at reconstruction and reëducation which go beyond the technical stage will prove infuriating.

As far as Italy is concerned, the crisis is bound to come fairly soon. After the first phase of passivity, in which people will be like putty in the hands of the invader, Italians will take stock of the situation, and draw their own conclusions. Let me list some of the main difficulties we shall come up against:

1. The very great deal that people have learned from fascist propaganda, which is more than any of us realizes. The raw material that we have to deal with is an Italy that fascism found romantic and individualistic like the rest of us, and that it left cynical and collectivistic. The line of the Ansaldos and the Gaydas has been disproved as to its falsities, but, as to its basic and truthful exposé of certain real failings of the great powers, it has trained Italians to a cruel clarity, well aware of "demoplutocracy's" least avowable intentions. The reserve of unspoken illusions and unadmitted trust is certainly great, but when they see our policies largely confirming the warnings of the fascist doctrine, they will decide there was something in it after all. We must not forget that the United States has not been depicted to them as an evil nation (that role being reserved for Britain), but as merely greedy, materialistic, overpowering through sheer weight, confused about its aims, addicted to humanitarian binges in which it feeds promiscuously children, dogs and total strangers, and wakes up later feeling neither commitment nor responsibility. We can count, however, on United States occupation troops to modify that impression through their inborn idealism, decency and understanding; as in North Africa, many of them will plead and fight for common sense against the tabulating experts and the incomprehensible policies from above.

2. The moral and material destructions wrought by American planes, the dreadful memories of burnt homes and mangled children, the rancors and soul-searchings of a population which has lost all respect for its rulers and knows that its supposed saviors are preventing it in many devious ways from seeking an effectual remedy.

3. The experience of a defeated people feeling itself patronized by the conqueror and put under tutelage. For such as these, lost in the backwash of world events after a brief marihuana vision of empire and glory, there is no mental refuge except a surly, clamlike nationalism, a recital of the deeds of popular war heroes, a hopeful looking in the direction of the submerged and rebellious everywhere. It will be Virginia and South Carolina after the Civil War all over again.

4. On the other hand, the more mature minds in Italy will feel above all the need for restoring the inner integrity of the country by painful reëducation. And they will find that road barred by stern decree of the Atlantic rulers. For these men will realize, as has been recently said by an experienced observer, that "the only road to a new Italian community is the road that will bring the people of Italy back into the European community. Fascism wanted to make of Italy an enemy of Europe. It taught the 'Anti-Europe.' It almost succeeded. . . . The peoples of Europe are now struggling against military rule and a police state: these are the very things which brought about the ruin of Italy. The peoples of Europe want free institutions and economic

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justice: these are the very things without which Italians cannot hope to have a new life themselves."

The peoples of Europe, let me add, inhabit a defeated shrunken continent which has to find new bearings, and needs a new understanding and pooling of its disparate civilizations. Any effort in this direction will be denied or diverted by semi-puppet governments in collusion with the Vatican. Here again we meet a crisis, and again we should remind our public opinion of this simple fact: that any real effort at reconstruction in Europe, wherever it starts, will have to be against respectability and business-as-usual, that it will be in the name of ideals that we cannot disavow, and that it will soon assume supernational proportions. What orders are we going to give the international police force?

The conclusion I would like to submit is simple. Even if Americans are afraid of stating anything about their intentions, they will never be able to deny that they stand for freedom—which means, in a general way, a growing measure of self-government, and a stable progressive order based on the majority. They cannot, as did the Germans, deny the conquered peoples all opportunities and reduce them to hewers of wood and consumers of products. Give them education and elections, give them social responsibility, and they will turn these against the foreign intruding machine.

Congress may be tempted to intervene against dictatorial *Putsches,* but in the end it cannot decide the fate of Italy, or any other country. It can decide only how long forces of occupation shall be maintained and the future relation of this country with others. More important, it will decide the relations of the *people* of Italy with the *people* of America. To the extent that it made commitments with any second-string Fascists, it has to keep them up against the will of the subject peoples.

It is an amusing commentary on the situation that the Papal Secretary of State is supposed to have told our emissaries that it was not easy to collaborate with so conservative a power as the United States. This conservatism is, in more than one way, the mandate of the people. We must make the best of it.

The American people should be told again and again, in clear and simple language, that if they want a stable peace, they can have it; that if they want a business "normalcy" extending to other continents, they can also have it, at least for a while. But that they cannot possibly have both.

If, God forbid, the Babbitts have their way, the Italian people will revolt some day against an American-supported regime; then we shall have to do with a revolution exported not from Russia, not from Germany, but from America. We shall be facing that strange phenomenon, a liberal revolution exported by American conservatism. GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

Soldiers' Prose[1]

Dedication

The following is the dedication of the Class Book, Class 43-8, Deming Army Air Field, Advanced Flying School (Bombardier).

TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE: to those who died on a Sunday morning on the pleasure island at Pearl Harbor; to those who fought back down the undergirth of the world from Bataan to Australia, and stopped there and fought back to the Solomons; to all the men of the Army and Navy, to the Air Force, to the bombardiers who went before. There have been many months, and the names of remote and unknown towns and islands and beaches have become an unending list.

It is easier now to make a dedication to those who have gone before. In the week in which this dedication is written Tunis and Bizerte have fallen to Americans, to Englishmen, to Frenchmen—fallen also to the oppressed of destroyed Warsaw, and Rotterdam, to the hungry and beaten of Norway and France and the other countries. The enemy is driven from North Africa, and Russians and Americans, Englishmen, Poles, Frenchmen, these and a host of others stand ready and unalterably, grimly aligned against the enemy. The hour is near. It is we who are on the offensive; it has been a long while. . . .

It is easier to make the brave words of challenge and assurance now. We have the planes, the training; America is a continent of training fields, and we can see our way now. Therefore it is easier for us; but it was you who went before, the nameless, the anonymous, the ones we shall never know, who fought and held, and who gave us the time. It is easier to dedicate this book to you because there is a chance for us; you were almost everywhere without a chance. Yet we shall wonder sometimes whether you were not after all the lucky ones, you with the long chances, with the first planes, the makeshift planes, the rutted airfields. We shall remember you and not a little envy you. It is easier now to promise you that your deaths, your humiliations, your trials will be avenged. It will be easier for us to be brave. Easier: but none the less sure.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN C. MCCARTNEY

[1] This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during each calendar month. — THE EDITORS

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The Jones-Wallace Feud

THERE ARE TIMES when the sense of public duty outweighs the natural, personal reluctance to present facts of this nature. This is such a time." That was the Vice President of the United States speaking last week, and the "public duty" to which he referred was the obligation to tell the real truth about Jesse Jones and the role he has played in this war.

June was a hot month in Washington. It brought heat prostration to a few, sleepless nights to many. Henry Wallace spent some of those nights thinking about his Board of Economic Warfare and its chief headache, Jesse Jones. The more he thought, the hotter it seemed. But Iowa farmers have a high boiling point, and even when Jesse's friend, Senator Kenneth McKellar, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, went to work to capture the BEW for Jones, the Vice President restrained his righteous anger. He went so far as to prepare a report correcting the misrepresentations McKellar had made at Jones's instigation, but, as he revealed last week, "after sleeping over the matter for several nights I decided not to make it." Instead Wallace just hoed his Bolivian corn in his Victory Garden all the harder every morning and bided his time.

On June 29 Henry Wallace handed out to the press copies of the statement he had prepared weeks before to refute McKellar's and Jones's congressional testimony. The presses and Jesse Jones have been roaring ever since. Wallace charged the Secretary of Commerce with obstructing the war program, "timid, business-as-usual procedures" and downright failure to get his job done, with practising "hamstringing bureaucracy and backdoor complaining." Even to a Washington hardened to inter-agency feuds, these were strong words, and although there has been many a high-class fight in official Washington during this war, it was generally recognized that this was by far the most important yet. What the fight really meant or where it was likely to end was not so generally agreed upon.

Jesse Jones probably has more enemies downtown, in the executive branch of the government, and more friends uptown, in the legislative branch, than any other major government official. Whatever is left of the New Deal has long been laying for him, hoping to catch him with his guard down and move him out of the play for good and all. Once they got so far as a plan by which he would become Secretary of Commerce and relinquish chairmanship of the more strategic Reconstruction Finance Corporation. But Jesse fooled the New Dealers by obtaining passage of an unprecedented congressional resolution permitting him to hold both jobs at once. Since then his enemies have been fatalistic about Jesse, enduring the obstacles he has thrown in the way of all their win-the-war efforts, because they felt he was too big and too strong to lick. Henry Wallace has put an end to this strategy—or lack of it. He has tackled Jesse, neatly and effectively; so now it is all right for everyone else to pile on him too. Wallace's tackle was clean, and it is hard to see how any honest referee, or for that matter any honest investigating committee, can raise any question about his having pinned Jones to the ground fair and square.

Vice President Wallace revealed that:

Secretary Jones has refused to abide by the President's order of April 13, 1942, vesting in the BEW full control of all public-purchase import operations, and has instead harassed the board in its efforts to obtain the necessary stocks of strategic war materials to fill our needs. As a result there has been "destructive and wasteful feuding." According to Wallace, "The Board of Economic Warfare has tried for over a year now to do its job in spite of the obstructionist tactics Mr. Jones has employed from time to time."

From the summer of 1940 until well past the attack on Pearl Harbor, the RFC, Wallace charges, absolutely failed in its public duty to build up government stockpiles of strategic materials authorized and directed by Congress in 1939 and 1940. Critical shortages of vital commodities could have been prevented if Jesse Jones had believed that this was to be a long war, if he had chosen to take his directions from the President and the President's agents, rather than from his own hunches about an early negotiated peace. Wallace gave examples of such materials:

Beryl ore (for master beryllium-copper alloy).
Castor seeds (for hydraulic brake fluid).
Cobalt (for high-speed cutting steels).
Corundum (abrasive for grinding lenses).
Fats and oils (for glycerine, synthetic rubber, etc.).
Palm oil (for tin plate).
Flax fiber (for parachute webbing).
Jute (marine cordage).
Sisal (binder twine).
Tantalite (for radio-tube contact points).
Zirconium (for tracer bullets, flares, blasting caps).

Since April 13, 1942, when the BEW received the official designation as the agency which was to control the import of strategic materials, Jones "and his personnel down the line have thrown a great many obstacles in the way of our exercise of the powers given us to carry out our wartime assignments," Wallace reported. In this category he cited quinine and quartz crystals, quinine to relieve our fever-stricken troops in the South Pacific and other theatres of this global war, quartz

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crystals to make possible radio installations in our airplanes, tanks and submarines. The quinine story has by now become familiar to almost every newspaper reader. The story of how Lt. Col. Arthur Fischer flew high-quality quinine-producing seeds from Bataan to Australia and then to the United States, only to meet with months of delay from RFC Chairman Jones in planting the seeds, has horrified all those who have read the Vice President's detailed statement of RFC shortcomings in the prosecution of the war. A shortage of quinine due to Jesse Jones's unwillingness to risk $125,000 and a shortage of quartz crystals due to Jones's reliance on the business-as-usual methods of a commission merchant who supplied inferior crystals, useless for radio, are proving difficult to explain to our armed forces and their families and friends.

These were some of the facts made public by Vice President Wallace to prove his claim that Jesse Jones has seriously delayed our full mobilization for war. But these are only the basic truths of the confiict. They may or may not be decisive in this championship fight. For there are many important surrounding factors which have not been given the consideration they deserve.

This is a two-way fight. It has to do both with the future of the BEW and the future of Henry Wallace. If Wallace comes out of this on top, he will be back in the picture as a strong potential candidate for Vice President on the Democratic ticket in 1944. His chances of coming out on top are tangled up in a great net of "ifs." His greatest break in this contest is that, for a still unknown reason, Bernard Baruch has recently turned against Jones. Jones has derived the tremendous power he has exercised downtown from the tremendous power everyone has assumed he could exercise in the Senate. He has had the great advantage of patronage awards which could be made through his RFC loan powers. But Baruch is also influential; and last week his friends in the Senate were working for Wallace. Bennett Clark challenged Jones's routine lobbying stint for subsidy payments. Wallace further benefited from Baruch's support by the fact that at present the arbiter of all the very high-class fights in town is Mr. Baruch's friend, Jimmy Byrnes. Jesse Jones was well aware of this advantage on June 30 when he answered Byrnes's summons to a White House caucus. Wallace was there ahead of him and it was Wallace who later issued the official statement on the meeting. This so provoked Jones that he threw over the whole conference agreement and subsequently announced that he would still seek a congressional investigation of the Wallace charges. During the entire time that he has been Vice President, Henry Wallace has not done a single thing of importance or semi-importance without first consulting Roosevelt. To assume that he did so this time is without any precedent.

Jesse Jones's reply to Wallace's accusations hinged on a great many garbled figures about RFC commitments for foreign purchases, and on a demand for a congressional investigation to bring out all the facts. An honest investigation would be a fine thing for Wallace. For one thing, it could probably be relied on to bring out the facts about the RFC subsidiaries which make no report to Congress and have never made their loan lists public. A good investigation should reveal the real purposes for which the RFC has been utilized. However, the chances for a really non-partisan investigation are extremely slight. Jones has already begun to maneuver in his very flashiest style. On his behalf, the House Rules Committee has declared that it will conduct the needed investigation into the facts of the Wallace-Jones controversy. If by any chance this committee does become the authorized investigating agency, Jesse Jones will have won. For the Rules Committee, everyone will remember, is loaded with the heaviest cargo of Southern reactionaries to be found on any committee in Congress. Jesse's close personal friend and neighbor, Rep. Martin Dies, is a prominent member, as are many of Dies's spiritual brethren, like Eugene Cox and Hamilton Fish. Their kind of investigation is already well known through the proceedings of the Dies Committee.

If Vice President Wallace is to have any surcease from his sorrows, any fair chance at doing his job, the Truman Committee or some other group which can be counted upon for a just weighing of the issues involved must be given the job of conducting the investigation into Wallace's charges. Economic warfare, in modern times, is of tremendous importance—sometimes as important as the battlefield itself. No doubt it is too much to expect a self-satisfied Texas banker to understand its implications. Probably it is too much to expect the kind of men on the House Rules Committee to understand them. Yet the way must be cleared for Wallace and his associates to do the job.

Congress in general tries to keep out of the way in regard to strictly military matters; it does not try to tell General Marshall how many men should be sent to a given point at a given time. What Congress probably does not see is that economic warfare is also outside its province. Much of the work of the BEW is strictly confidential—so much so that the whole story cannot be told until after the war is over, if then. It is hard for Congress to realize that anything can be important if those who are doing it fail to boast every day of what they are accomplishing; but incomprehensible or not, it is true. Jesse Jones, with his penny-pinching banker's habits, his incurable desire to show a book profit on every transaction, can do the country enormous harm if he is allowed his way. That is why it is so important that the investigation of the quarrel with the Vice President should be in the hands of competent men like the members of the Truman Committee, who will make a real effort to get at the truth.

Washington HELEN FULLER

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Southern State Normal School Library

British Labor Marks Time

THE YOUNGER MEMBERS of the Labor Party are getting used to their feelings of disappointment over the party's annual conferences. This year was no exception. The leaders of the party said "no" too firmly on too many occasions; when they said "yes," as they did about the Beveridge Report, it was with no conviction. The Labor Party, together with the trade unions, is a great movement and on it may depend the whole future of Britain. But the conference recently completed in London did nothing to answer the many critics who say that the Labor Party has lost its drive, that it has become too respectable, that it no longer has a clear message for the youth on whom any party must depend for vitality.

The leaders said "no" to the electoral truce. Ever since Labor entered the National Coalition Government there have been skirmishing attacks on the electoral truce. Labor is unable to fight bye-elections against Conservatives, with the result that Common Wealth, Sir Richard Acland's new party, has been able to cash in on the hostility which many people have felt for the government, and on the marked leftward trend of the British middle classes. The Labor members of Parliament have been unable to vote against the government, for the Cabinet contains their own representatives in the colorless Attlee, the weighty Bevin and the agile Morrison. Only twice—on the Beveridge Report and a recent bill on old-age pensions—have the Labor Members revolted against party discipline. In asking for the endorsement of the electoral truce the Executive spokesman said that the party would never be able to hold up its head if it left the government at a time when great new battles were opening in Europe and when national unity was more than ever necessary. For this view there is a very great deal to be said, but many of the skirmishers feel that the party could have remained in the government and at the same time tried to end the crippling *political* truce.

They said "no" to the Communists, who have been campaigning for many months for affiliation with the Labor Party. Over the last year the Communist Party has been gaining rapidly in membership—from 10,000 to 60,000—and has remarkable influence in many of the nation's war factories, while the Labor Party has been losing both membership and influence. Consequently the Executive has been taking up much time and paper in warding off the inroads of the Communists and replying, blow for blow, to the various moves in the Communist campaign. In the debate, party leaders called the CP a "snake" and "unclean." There were 1,951,000 votes against Communist affiliation and 712,000 for. The only large unions to vote for the Communists were the miners and the engineers.

They even said "no" to Mr. Herbert Morrison, the only Labor leader whose star is most certainly in the ascendant. His term at the London County Council, and more lately as Home Secretary, and Minister of Home Security, in charge of Britain's Civil Defense, has revealed him as a competent and hard-headed administrator. Recent speeches have shown him well aware of the political struggles which lie ahead. "Trust-busting" has been one of the keynotes of these speeches. "Monopolies," said Mr. Morrison at Leeds in April of this year, "are restrictive in their very essence. You will never alter their nature by patching and tinkering with them—their whole set-up and relation to the community must be profoundly altered." Finally, he has an attractive political personality, even if the Gallup Poll shows him right out of the running for the next Prime Minister as compared with Eden and Cripps. Morrison's very energy and ability were said to be one of the reasons why the trade unions preferred Arthur Greenwood for treasurer; as a result Morrison was removed from the National Executive for the first time in twenty years. Another reason was that Morrison had to speak for the government in the Beveridge debate when most of his own party members voted against him. Yet the general opinion is that Morrison is more popular since his defeat than before, and that his bid for leadership of the party has been strengthened.

The conference has given no definition to the future of the party. Nothing else could be expected. Because the fact is that Britain's economy has never worked better than it is now doing in the middle of World War II. Wages are higher; there is no unemployment; there is a feeling of security; the needy are looked after better. And there is a sense of common purpose. In these circumstances political unity is not an empty phrase. The testing time for Labor will come when the necessities of war are replaced by the choices of peace and when, if the Conservatives have their own way, the old problems of purchasing power and unemployment and industrial restriction must again be met.

The showdown may, of course, be delayed for some time. The biggest political factor for some years after the war will be Winston Churchill. Churchill made it clear in his radio speech of March 21 that he does not see his work as finished when the war is over and that he hopes to become an architect of peace as well as of victory. Britain's first Four-Year Plan, he said, will have "to be presented to the country, either by a National Government formally representative, as this one is, of the three parties in the state, or by a National Government comprising the best men in all parties who are willing to serve." Churchill, then, proposes to head a post-war coalition, and the Labor Party will be asked

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to collaborate. Clement Attlee promised at the conference that Labor would remain in a coalition after the war only if a specially convened party conference approved. It is, however, doubtful whether the trade unions and the rank and file of the Labor Party would feel that the moment when Germany, but probably not Japan, was defeated, when the economy was still working well and when Churchill's reputation was unassailable, was the moment to pull out of the government.

What the leaders of the party are not seemingly so aware of is that an ultimate showdown is inevitable. Some of them do not see that the Conservatives, who gave blind support to Mr. Chamberlain for so many years, will not for long acquiesce in the essential measures for ensuring that there be a secure and more equal society with a higher standard of living in Britain and beyond. But the basic political issues will become clearer as the years progress and it is doubtful if the coalition could remain united for long. The time would then be ripe for the formation of a new Labor Party, not tied so closely to the trade unions and comprising many of the Communists, members of Common Wealth and middle-class people who are now made so unwelcome. Whether the Labor Party is aware that it must recapture its early drive and tolerance if the forces of the Right are not to gain the day—at the second post-war election—may be indicated at next year's conference. Many of Britain's young people, in the services and in the factories, will be waiting.

London MICHAEL YOUNG

New Guinea Letter

Selden: your April poem[1] in hand
Reduced four times in size and fanned
Ten thousand miles to a savage land,
This miniature I hope received
In the graceful attitude conceived,
Good friendship thought out and believed.
I'm not too cocksure of my grip;
I need some meter that won't trip,
More vision, and much less censorship.
But take this effort for what it means
To you, a group of warlike scenes,
A gesture, a letter, or a row of beans.
A gremlin whispers in my ear,
"You're rather lucky to be here;
Think what it means to your career."
I push the creature, I push him hard;
He thinks he's caught me off my guard.
No, I am not your New Guinea bard,
Not half heroic as you imply
But anonymous like the other guy,
Doing my duty, wondering why.

"Are men more nearly brothers?" This
Asks for inspired synthesis.
Question declined, but from my tent
Hot with rank vegetable scent,
Where dark inexorable green
Conceals me in an unfriendly screen
I offer this: our old bromide
That history repeats, is wide
Of the mark. I'd rather think we move
Generally forward, not in a groove
But eccentrically like Moses' band
Threading its road to the Promised Land
(Which venture failing—this is my clue—
The old gave way and supplied the new).
And war does not cleanse, fear isn't canny,
If I may differ with Orphan Annie,
And Superman never was our god
But a kind of superior flying clod.
The ads show a future minus the pain,
Dad coming home in a Ford airplane,
No unemployment, scientific sex,
The salesman our Imperator Rex,
Tennyson's fudge, the overflowing cup . . .
Give me a future you can't dream up,
Men as they are, as they were begun
With a nice right emphasis on Number One.
Keep to the Left but if it gets hectic
Take a powder on Papa and the dialectic.
Each nation has a nose, but international man
We'd better put down as Also Ran.

Since one of my kinder critics throws a
Bouquet to me by way of Spinoza,
Let me add this: I want to go home
To the gas-station age and Capitol Dome.
I'm an amateur, would like to find my size
In a shaving-mirror and my wife's blue eyes,
Get a Guggenheim grant and a Chevrolet
And write about Akron and Santa Fe.
The above you'll think is a sorry boast,
Suitable for Elk or The Satevepost.
Look, Selden, let's not follow the gleam;
It's dynamite now to try to dream.
I'm sorry. I'm letting you down I know,
But I'm disappointing myself also.

My visions are mine. Since I began
I've wanted to be a private man,
Pale in winter, in the summer tan.
I want to retrace my steps and find
The start of the maze within my mind,
The exquisite pattern of mankind.
Quiet I want to grace my page,
Whole toleration for a gauge
To improve the manners of our age;
And some day when the skies are fine
And seas have lost their incarnadine,
Dinner with you, your wife and mine.

KARL J. SHAPIRO

1 "V-Letter to Karl Shapiro in Australia," a poem by Selden Rodman, appeared in The New Republic of June 14, 1943.

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Washington Notes

Inflation or Taxes?

JUDGING BY 1939 PRICES, the dollar today is worth only 75 cents. About a quarter of every greenback has been torn off. That is what people call inflation. That is inflation. We have inflation now. The question is how much more we shall get.

One of the things that is tearing off the dollar is the big profits people are making. We as a nation are trying to win a war and make a profit out of it too. It isn't a very pleasant fact, put that way, but it is back of almost all of the domestic troubles here today in Washington.

There are three main groups that are making war profits. First, factory workers are making war profits. When everything is said and done in qualification of this fact, when all the exceptions are entered and reservations noted about overtime, previous low pay, harder work, longer hours, discomfort, bad housing and transportation, the fact yet remains that the workers are averaging more money today than ever before in their lives. The average factory worker's weekly pay has jumped 65 percent. The cost of living, according to latest Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, has increased 26.9 percent since August, 1939.

The second big war-profit group are the farmers. Here again it is only fair to make certain reservations. When we talk about the "average" man, whether the farmer or anybody else, we are talking about nobody. None of us is an "average" man, we are all exceptions. And yet, for want of a better phrase, the statistical abstraction known as the "Average Farmer" is making a juicy thing out of this war in which other men are killing each other. Farmers are selling more food than they ever sold before, and they are selling it at higher prices. The farm bloc is doing everything it can, in Washington, to increase these profits.

The third war-rich group are the corporations. This is the least excusable of all. Until recently, many editorial writers have even denied these profits. They can't deny them any longer. That is because competent statistics have just been published in Jesse Jones's Department of Commerce "Survey of Current Business" which end all doubt. These are compiled by two men, Tynan Smith and Robert Sherman. The story has received very little attention. But here it is: American corporations, including mining, manufacturing, trade, transportation, communication, power, gas and others, have struck a war bonanza, even after taxes. The years 1940 and 1941 showed higher profits, *after taxes*, than any year since 1929. The year 1942, even *after taxes*, was higher than 1941. And 1943 profits, based on first-quarter estimates, will not only be higher than 1942 but higher even than the boom-year of 1929! The 1943 profits-after-taxes figure is set at $8,000,000,000.

The three foregoing groups are the big war-profit classes in the country. In the destruction of equilibrium attendant on tearing a fourth part off every dollar, these are the groups that have come out on top. Most of Washington's problems today come from their efforts to hold their place, stay on top, or better their position. The farm-labor congressional battle goes back to this. Strikes go back to it. Some of the social unrest that produced the Detroit race riots goes back to it. In worst position of all, of course, are the unfortunate people whose wages, salaries or pensions haven't been increased to meet the inflation. Every dollar they get now has a quarter torn off its purchasing power, and they are not getting any more dollars. They are writhing under the load. They are the new poor. Their blind, incoherent, explosive bitterness is lashing out, primarily against labor and Roosevelt.

That is the basic fact in America's domestic war economy today. What can be done about it? Well, there seems to be just one answer. If we get worse inflation in this country, if the dollar is torn in half instead of being reduced merely by a quarter, the reason for it will be known. It is known now. There is no secret about it. We need more taxes. We are not taxing ourselves enough. There is more purchasing power than consumers' goods, and prices are being forced competitively higher. Taxes would sluice off some of this excess. But we don't have them.

Mr. Roosevelt has asked for more taxes, but Congress hesitates to comply. Whereas Australia, Canada and Britain are paying about one-half the cost of the war out of current income, rich Uncle Sam manages to pay only a third. Mr. Roosevelt won a victory last week from an inflation-minded Congress when his veto of the anti-subsidy bill was sustained, but the strongest supporter of subsidies has never argued that they alone could halt inflation. They are only one player on the anti-inflation team. The pitcher on the team is Old Man Taxes.

Summing it up, most of America's domestic economic problems spring from one fact, that we are trying to win a war and get rich out of it too. We are fighting a soft war. Again and again, here in Washington, we see the effect of that policy producing additional new problems. Mr. Roosevelt has temporized with the matter, apparently because he felt neither Congress nor the public would support him. He has said the right things and pointed in the right direction, but he and Mr. Morgenthau have never made a fight on the issue. Yet unless we can bring ourselves to pay more taxes we are almost certainly going to have more inflation. In the long run inflation is a lot more dangerous, and a great deal more painful, than taxes.

The House of Representatives has continued its vendetta against Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, Government Secretary for the Virgin Islands. First it tried to get him out of his post by what was tactically a bill of attainder. The Senate refused to consent, and now the House, in the appropriation bill for the Interior Department, has entirely abolished his job, although it is an important one. Why the House is so bitter against Lovett is something of a mystery. The charge of subversive radicalism against him is of course sheer nonsense. Perhaps the best explanation is that Dr. Lovett was formerly one of the editors of The New Republic. The tory-isolationist bloc in Congress has never forgiven this paper for having published, before the 1942 election, a special supplement in which it printed the voting record of every member on a number of important bills. The last thing the average congressman wants is to have his record printed. And, in a way, I don't blame him.

Washington T. R. B.

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Between Two Words

"DOCUMENTARY" is a word that has always been used loosely in the movie vocabulary, and since the war has brought English, Canadian and Russian documentaries to our attention, the term has been taken up and really flung around. It has got to the point where anything good in movies is called documentary. Actually, the difference between the documentary and the story film in the final esthetic evaluation is unimportant. There is not a good documentary without a story, and there is not a good story film without what is called the documentary technique. All the qualities of that technique—photography that is consistent with the nature of the subject in value, intensity and design, movement in images to parallel in rhythm the idea being expressed, the dependence on showing a story rather than telling it, people straight from everyday life in dress, talk and manner, and the environment as a living, natural part of their life—are all qualities that started in the story film and appear wherever a good movie, called documentary or otherwise, appears. While the story film over the past decade has depended more and more on superficiality and less on art, the documentary has hit a much higher average in quality, a fact which may be responsible for the wide gulf imagined between the two kinds of film. But either the documentary or the story film, to be any good, will express the essential nature of the subject, which is human life in one form or another. Whether the start is from actuality or from the imagination, there is only one way to photograph a mail box, and that is the best way in terms of the desired end, and there is only one way to show an idea or a story in the movies, and that is also the best way. As soon as either kind of film means to be art, the distinction between them becomes very unimportant.

Two short movies (not equally, but both called, documentary) sent to this country by the British government, "World of Plenty" and "Silent Village," are of good quality, but on the thin side emotionally. Made with the coöperation of the Czecho-Slovakian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the South Wales Miners' Federation and the people of the Swansea and Dulais Valleys, "Silent Village" reënacts the martyrdom of Lidice, using the people and civilization of the town of Cwmgiedd, South Wales, as the medium. With the neatness and dispatch of "The 39 Steps," most of the story is left to your imagination and previous experience, the movie merely giving you the necessary directives. A prohibitive order over the loudspeaker by a raucous voice implies that the Nazis have come (repeated symbolically by the village brook, which had been running quietly in traditional brooklike manner, but now churns violently and noisily). The failure of that order to change the expression of the bleak, uncommunicative face of a Welsh washerwoman, shows a stony determination to resist any tampering with the traditional Welsh life. It is a lyric, satisfactory business for its twenty-five-minute length, and as a memorial to the people of Lidice, it has a fitting love and dignity.

"World of Plenty" is commendably composed out of newsreels, maps and advice from statesmen, farmers, doctors and housewives, to show that the right control of the production, distribution and consumption of food is helping us to win the war and will lead us to a world of plenty unlike anything we have had. It uses all the film lying around from pre-war years that showed starvation in this country, India and Britain, while food surpluses were dumped into the sea. Invariably there is not enough of this shown for the audiences to be left with any kind of guilt. For the edification of American audiences, there is plenty of room given to the beauties of Britain's point rationing, the level of health the English are sustaining, blitz or no, and a great pat on the back for us for our help.

"World of Plenty" is on the lecture side of movie-making. It is as diligent, clear and all-inclusive as a schoolteacher, and as stiff, prim, dry and long-winded. Like a very neat but complex outline, it tends toward big A, little a, and 1, 2, 3, 4, rather than people, happy or sad, starved or stuffed. None the less there is a good deal of quiet humor in the selection and direction of people who talk to you as well as in the dialogue of the late Eric Knight, especially in one bit where a question is popped abruptly at a housewife as she is walking to the store: "I say! You did give me a fright!" she says. The graphs and maps are accompanied by an African drum played by a Gene Krupa fan—how this combination was arrived at I don't know, but it is certainly entertaining. The movie pounds home the four freedoms, when that conception is embarrassingly and noticeably absent from our own films. MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

The United States must develop a "clear, honest, all-American foreign policy." – *Clare Boothe Luce, speaking in the House, as quoted in Time.*

Mr. and Mrs. William Brewster recently were divorced in district court here. A stipulation in the decree divided their canned goods equally between them. – *From The Waterloo, Ia., News.*

Palmer [Monroe County Farm Bureau Agent] added that reduction in the price of farm products was directly in contrast to the aims of the administration in reducing the purchasing power of the individuals to stave off inflation. – *From The Rochester, N. Y., Times-Union.*

On the Home Front

Very Special—a Gold Necessaire from Cartier. – And very handsome, with exceptional detail of panama weave on one face, $665. The gold fittings can be bought separately: lipstick, $160; powder case with five rubies in the catch, $360; cigarette case with five sapphires, $270; comb, $45; and lighter, $175. Complete with fittings, $1,675. (Prices include federal tax.) – *An advertisement in The New Yorker.*

Total-War Department

Frank Ingram's big dog, Hans, is putting in his licks to help beat the Axis. Hans, stationed in a lobby of a North Side hotel, is bedecked with a sign which reads: "Five war stamps licked, 1 penny." That is the charge to children; adults pay more. The collections go into a pool to buy more war stamps. – *An AP dispatch from Chicago.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Labor's Responsibility

SIR: It is true that last November labor permitted the election of a hostile Congress; but the problem is not so simple as that. First, our people stuck to their war jobs instead of taking time out to vote. They believed, erroneously perhaps, that ships and planes were more important than voting.

Second, labor carries little strength in the constituencies of Southern Democrats and Midwest farm bloc-ers, the chief hell-raisers in Congress. The industrial and progressive sections of the country can't very well secede from the union to escape Cotton Ed Smith.

It seems to me, after Congress' reënactment of the Smith-Connally anti-labor bill over the President's veto, that the decent people of this country must open an offensive for democracy at home, organizing liberals and labor not only in the strong spots, but by force of democratic convictions discrediting, in their own back yards, the Roosevelt, Negro and labor lynchers.

New York City VICTOR H. JOHNSON

How to Fight Racial Discrimination

SIR: The experience of the National Maritime Union, a CIO affiliate, in combating racial discrimination in practice as well as in theory may be of interest in view of the recent race riots throughout the country.

We are guided by two maxims. One is that "all men are created equal." The other is that "Labor with a white skin can never be free while Labor with a black skin is branded."

We learned the truth of these maxims on the picket line when we were carrying on the struggle to organize. We have learned it over and over again.

The contribution to our war effort of our Negro seamen is so outstanding that it bears repetition. They have gone to sea in spite of countless dangers, and after being torpedoed once, twice and as many as six times, they have again returned to their vessels to continue the fight against fascism. They are brave fighters for democracy. They are good shipmates. They are good union men.

Of course, we have some people within our organization who do not like Negroes. In a union of 50,000 members, there are bound to be some individuals who do not like Jews, Catholics, Protestants, white men, black men or the Brooklyn Dodgers. But we in the NMU do not accept the presence of these minority-haters blandly. We try to educate them. We do this through our union meetings, through our union paper, through pamphlets issued by the union, through books and periodicals published by outside publishers.

It is an intensive campaign. And at the same time that we educate our own members, we also perform the far more difficult task of educating the shipowners to recognize the evils of racial discrimination.

The fruits of our policies can best be cited by two instances. One is the successful voyages of the Booker T. Washington commanded by its very capable skipper, Hugh N. Mulzac, the first Negro captain in the American merchant marine. The other is the recent citation of the National Maritime Union by the Schomburg collection of Negro literature of the New York Public Library, which listed our union as one of the six groups chosen in a nationwide poll to determine who had done most for the improvement of race relations "in terms of real democracy."

Negroes and whites can work together, live together, sleep in the same room. We know what we're talking about. We've tried it. It works.

JOSEPH CURRAN, President,
New York City National Maritime Union of America

The Times and Mr. Hamilton

SIR: I have just seen your Mail Bag section of May 3, in which you quoted from a letter by Lawrence Fernsworth, who reviewed my book, "Appeasement's Child," for The Protestant. Mr. Fernsworth objected to an advertisement inserted in The New Republic by The Protestant in which it announced that "Mr. Fernsworth reviews and interprets a book that contains the observations that were not fit to be printed in The New York Times." Mr. Fernsworth, who like myself is a former Times correspondent in Spain, declares that this refers to me and not himself. In other words, the implication is that The Times—supposedly because it didn't agree with my dislike of Franco—wouldn't print my stuff and I had to wait until I could get it into a book.

The New York Times needs no defense from me, but for the record I should like to say that The Protestant is wrong in making this insinuation. Very few of my dispatches from Spain were published, but this was the fault of the Franco censors, not The Times. As I explained in my book, my only instructions when I went to Spain were to report the news impartially; throughout the two years I was there I never received any form of suggestion that I slant the news for or against Franco. As a matter of fact, simply to tell the truth was the greatest crime against the fascist regime, and very few of my pieces got through the censor. But that is a long way from saying that The Times was suppressing them.

Arlington, Va. THOS. J. HAMILTON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

An army private writes to us from Fort Bragg, North Carolina, on the subject of the Catholic Church. He would judge the Church by its social value. ". . . What today . . are the countries that lead all others in poverty, ignorance, high mortality rate, etc.? Are they not Spain, Italy, Portugal and Latin America? Are not all of these countries predominantly Catholic?" He argues, also, that the Church has a stake in fascism because it stands to gain from a fascist accession to power.

Dr. J. K. Williams, of Washington, D. C., writes that The New Republic's Charter for America (April 19) cast a slur on the "8,000,000 or more persons who have worked on WPA projects. In describing the post-war program as 'not . . . a permanent WPA, providing jobs of the leaf-raking type,' you are taking an unwarranted jab at the work program." (This was a slip of the pen, a stupid one, and was not meant to belittle the WPA. The New Republic was one of the best friends the WPA had during its existence. — THE EDITORS)

Henry David Aiken, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, secretary of American Defense, Harvard Group, has informed us that the Harvard Group has gone on record supporting anti-poll-tax legislation, and asks all Americans to write or wire their congressmen urging abolition of the poll tax.

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Books in Review

Marginalia

I HAVE just been reading Sidney Hook's long essay, "The New Failure of Nerve," in the first two 1943 issues of Partisan Review, and I find myself agreeing with most of what he says. It is true that liberalism, "as an intellectual temper, as faith in intelligence, as a tradition of the free market in the world of ideas, is everywhere on the defensive." It is true that there has been "a loss of confidence in scientific method" and that "the tom-tom of theology and the bagpipes of transcendental metaphysics are growing more insistent and shrill." There are, however, two comments I should like to offer.

The first is a point that Hook mentions, but not, I think, with sufficient emphasis. Briefly, the failure of nerve among liberals is not an arbitrary weakness to be studied and treated in itself. It is the result—you might almost call it the echo—of political defeats that began to seem overwhelming in the summer of 1936. Non-intervention in Spain, the Moscow trials, Munich, the Russo-German Pact, the fall of France: all these events were part of a series that has by no means ended. In this country, and since Pearl Harbor, we have seen the abandonment of the New Deal, the increasing power of the great corporations, the weakening of the labor movement, the growth of internal conflicts that break into riots and the inability of the government to state any war aims that could touch the heart or mind of the masses. All over the world we have seen liberal statesmen driven from office by military conquest, by political maneuvers or, in some cases, by their own ineptitude. If the liberals are everywhere on the defensive, it is not because they are perversely metaphysical, but because they are fighting on what is, for the moment, the beaten side.

The liberals might be described as the people who believe in the possibility of progress through the application of intelligence to social problems. They are sometimes called "the intellectuals," and the two words are nearly synonymous, since only about ten percent of the intellectuals are conservative, and these are sometimes regarded as traitors to their caste. Under both names, they once enjoyed a vast prestige. Ten years ago, in the midst of the depression, there were liberal governments in the United States, Mexico, Scandinavia; and there would soon be liberal governments in Spain, France and Chile. Most of these have now been driven from power, while the rest have been following more conservative policies. Thousands of European liberals are in exile and other thousands are hiding from the police. The present American Congress is so violently anti-liberal that it shows signs of distrusting anybody who ever painted a picture or read a book.

Today the liberals are acting in the various fashions that people on the defeated side have always acted. Some of them, perhaps a majority, are conducting an orderly retreat while trying to find new allies. Some have fallen to quarreling among themselves, each little faction blaming all the others for what happened. Some are examining their past policies to see where they went wrong. Some have withdrawn into political inactivity or pure cynicism, and others into an abstract Marxism that has no connection with the world around them (Hook calls them Platonic Revolutionists). Psychiatrists tell me that, in some circles, there was almost an epidemic of nervous breakdowns after the Russo-German Pact. As a result of personal crises, many liberals have been converted to various forms of Christian thought, and these are the people discussed at greatest length in Hook's two articles. But I think he is wrong to approach religion as a mere escape from social problems; and in any case these conversions are only one result of a broader tendency. That tendency won't be halted by arguments, even if they are as effective as some of those in Hook's essay. The real malady is defeat, and the remedy is a succession of victories.

My second comment is that Hook is defending not only the scientific method but also a set of philosophical doctrines that may or may not be scientific. There is no proof whatever that pragmatism or positivism or logical empiricism is the only possible philosophy for a scientist. Hook is right to say that "the chief causes of our maladjustments are to be found precisely in these areas of social life in which the rationale of scientific method has not been employed." He is right to ask, "Where is the evidence that any Western State ever attempted to meet scientifically the challenge of poverty, unemployment, distribution of raw materials, the impact of technology?" But he fails to ask other questions: for example, why is it that no Western country has made this attempt; and why Russia—which did make it—produced something less than a Utopia after twenty years of devoted efforts; and why Germany abandoned the scientific attitude for wholly illogical doctrines; and why the democratic countries have had so much difficulty in finding a positive faith of their own. These questions, if approached without preconceptions, in a purely scientific spirit, might lead to answers not wholly in agreement with what Hook regards as the only scientific philosophy.

The other night I listened to a whole series of arguments about Mark Aldanov's novel, "The Fifth Seal." Was it humorous or was it embittered? Was it helped or harmed by having or not having a political thesis? Who dared to call this great novel a counter-revolutionary tract? In the midst of the hubbub, I remembered a very old story that has nothing to do with Mr. Aldanov, but perhaps applies to his novel, as well as to many other widely praised or disparaged books about the Russians. At a cow-town cultural concert, the chairman suddenly pounded on the table with the butt of his gun. "The doors of this hall are locked," he said, "and nobody will leave until I know who called the piccolo player a son of a bitch." There was a long silence, an uneasy scraping of chairs, and finally a grizzled cowman rose in the back of the hall. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "before the shooting starts, I'd like to know who called that son of a bitch a piccolo player."

MALCOLM COWLEY

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Not Heat or Cold

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by Nancy Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 248 pages. $2.50.

A NOVELIST'S SHORT STORIES often stand in a revealing relation to his major work. The scale is reduced, the writer practises an economy wherein he is forced to proceed without cover, exposing himself at every turn. Thus his method, which in a larger work is often obscured by space and time, here plays a distinctive role—in Nancy Hale's stories, the dominant role. Her stories are all method. Reading "Between the Dark and the Daylight," you will understand precisely where and why her best selling novel, "The Prodigal Women," failed.

Her method is largely an academic, unoriginal adaptation and attenuation of the professional short-story form too much in vogue these days. She conveys her effects by measuring them in advance, calculating the stress each point can safely bear. Thus: an introduction must be brief, concrete —a few objects, a house, a tree, an observation, are enough. Then on with the story—a few strokes set the limitation of the heroine's personality within which the developing conflict or narrative will obediently keep its bounds. The climax is secured through a summary of psychological strains, a suggestive recapitulation, emerging in a moment of capture, resolution or breakdown, then underscored with a line, a perception, a thought.

These are well formed stories—any one of them could serve as a model for a short-story course. But none is satisfying, for none is freely expressed. The form of these stories is not so much a form that has been mastered as one that masters, controls, determines, like an *a-priori* category, the perceptions and the emotions which may enter it. Miss Hale writes under the onerous obligation of meeting her own requirements.

The stories in "Between the Dark and the Daylight" deal with the anxieties of children, the lushness of adolescent life, and with women, young and old, unhappily married, insane, defying the conventions, rejecting society, making an effort to break through the lies and brutalities of their middle-class surroundings and emerge free and true. But while Nancy Hale's rich subject matter is one of intense conflict, her treatment is almost purely neutral; the modern tradition of restraint (which has made a virtue of repression) keeps her from committing a single passional act while she writes. A writer's access to character may be facilitated if he can suspend moral judgment; but not if he lacks it. Miss Hale's preoccupation with surface, with the mere texture of narrative, suggests this lack. In her stories the surface tension mounts, as in a glass, reaches its climax, breaks, spills over—but at no point is it more than water.

The title story is perhaps the best. Treating of a young girl (here her method finds its most appropriate expression), she captures the conflict between an adolescent's desire to return to childhood and her awakening to the sexual world. The young girl gets out of her sick bed where, in fancy, she had nostalgically recovered the buried but warm self-center of her childhood, to sip a soda with a girl friend. She is conscious of the drug-store cowboys' stares, and is pleased. Sipping her soda, she knows she can't turn back to childhood; sensing the young men about her, she no longer wants to. This story is written with the adequacy of perception which always takes on a dimension of truth. The conflict is seen, the moment is captured and held. But, simple as this perception is in its appeal to sensibility alone, it requires a strong, a passionate sensibility to sustain it. Nancy Hale's sensibility is formal.

This weakness kept "The Prodigal Women" from attaining the pitch of realization at which it would have become more than good writing, more than competence. The conflict and the suffering were there, the perceptive flashes, but not the great sensibility itself which can fill a page of Conrad with revelation. Judgment, the artist's personal passion, was absent—the inward struggle toward affirmation which makes even Dreiser's sketchier and clumsier stories monuments of an individual's growth. Only once, in "Between the Dark and Daylight," does one encounter perception at this level (in a story of insanity, "Who Lived and Died Believing," which she treats on the whole with intimate though too literary a feeling): "Hell is not heat or cold, it is banishment to the ultimate ego." The rest of her work is lost in a clarity which throws no relief, a smoothness, an order so regular it would be destroyed by growth.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

A Note on Yvor Winters

The Anatomy of Nonsense, by Yvor Winters. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 255 pages. $3.

IN THIS THIRD of his books of criticism Professor Winters continues the task he has set himself of rewriting the literary history of America. In place of a preface he offers a reasonably sound, but (for Winters) fairly obvious, discussion of "preliminary problems" in the methodology of literary criticism. A postscript somewhat irrelevantly repeats the charges against V. L. Parrington that those who have studied that critic closely have long been aware of (with little recognition of Parrington's genuine achievement), cogently defends the university as the chief "carrier" at present of civilization, and lists those poems by American writers under fifty which have most satisfied him, an embarrassingly large number of which are the work of Winters' friends and disciples.

In between are four essays which analyze the "nonsense" that for Winters constitutes the thinking of Henry Adams, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot and John Crowe Ransom. At the same time he finds Adams a great historian, Stevens a major poet, Eliot and Ransom possessed of "sufficient poetic talent to be interesting." As in his other critical writings ("Primitivism and Decadence," 1937, and "Maule's Curse," 1939) there is much of value in this book. If there is nothing quite so good as the careful reading of James Fenimore Cooper and the accurate demolition of Poe in "Maule's Curse," the appraisal of Adams is just and the analysis of Stevens' poetry illuminating.

But to his earlier perversities in regarding Jones Very the superior of Emerson, Edith Wharton of Henry James, and T. Sturge Moore of Yeats, Winters adds an intemperate denigration of the poetry and criticism of T. S. Eliot, arrived at by an absurdly low estimate of "The Waste Land" and by ignoring the poetry Eliot has written since 1922. This seems to me not only mistaken but ungenerous,

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since I cannot help but feel that Winters shares both Eliot's literary and religious traditionalism and his method of employing arresting *obiter dicta* which contain valuable insights even when the essays in which they blossom are elaborately wrong-headed.

What I find of value in Winters' criticism is precisely what I have found (but in a larger measure) in Eliot's: a love of good writing and an occasional articulation of that passion, despite theories and posturing. It is amusing, however, to find in a critic who embraces classicism, traditionalism and reaction so much prejudice and violence in debate, but it is hardly surprising when one recalls the predominance of those qualities in the two critics whom he seems most to admire and in a large degree to emulate—Samuel Johnson and Irving Babbitt. GEORGE MAYBERRY

From Clay to Willkie

They Also Ran, by Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 389 pages. $3.50.

THIS IS admittedly a superficial book, but a timely and stimulating one. Stone's biographies of unsuccessful presidential candidates range from Clay to Willkie, bracketed not chronologically but professionally—governors, judges, Wall Street lawyers, publishers, etc. His studies of Horatio Seymour, Alron Parker and Jim Cox fill long overdue biographical niches. For the rest, one may disagree with his judgments—he is too hard on Stephen Douglas and is taken in by Fremont—but the book is well worth reading. It is the second of its kind. In 1928 when Don C. Seitz wrote his racy sketches, the country was still writhing in the straitjacket of one-party rule to which the political ineptitude of Bryan and Wilson had condemned it. "Also Ran" was synonymous with Democrat, as it may be again.

The present is, therefore, a most appropriate time for philosophizing about the reasons why men of the stature of Lewis Cass can be beaten by stumblebums in uniform like Zachary Taylor. The pattern is depressingly suggestive. When Andrew Jackson retired to the Hermitage at the end of his second term, he was at the zenith of his power and he meant to stay there. For, as he knew better than anyone else, the greatest project of Jacksonian Democracy was barely begun. Our frontier had to be pushed down to the Rio Grande and across to the Pacific, and Jackson was determined to use the unique position his retirement gave him to lend history a helping hand. Jackson was followed by two breathing-spell Presidents, Van Buren (whom he appointed) and William Henry Harrison. Then, in 1844, James K. Polk, formerly Governor of Jackson's own Tennessee, led the Democrats back to power. Polk, one of the toughest, most single-minded operators in the machine Jackson worked so hard to leave behind him, wanted Texas, California and Oregon, and showed us how to take them. In the process we had to fight Mexico. One of the most unfortunate by-products of this manifestation of destiny was that the Whigs seized on Taylor—old Rough and Ready—as their Grant for 1848.

By this time the Jacksonians were hopelessly split. In 1844 Van Buren had opposed the annexation of Texas, which was why Jackson replaced him with Polk. Cass emerged in 1848 as the Jacksonian nominee. One of the heroes of the frontier—he survived as Governor of Michigan when the job was tougher than running a saloon in Virginia City—he was the number-one advocate of winning the West. Not only was Cass a more colorful soldier and figure than Taylor, but the Mexican War itself was the political property of the Jacksonians. Nevertheless, thanks to Van Buren, who split the ticket by opposing expansion as a Free-Soiler, Taylor beat Cass (although Cass, like Jackson and Lincoln, was for the frontier and the Union).

When the Democrats came back, it was not to power but to office. Although Pierce and Buchanan were Northerners, the Democrats had become the party of reaction responsible for the Civil War. During these years when his party was losing the peace which followed the war for Texas and the West, Cass served as Secretary of State under Buchanan, who appeased South Carolina instead of cowing her secessionism, as Jackson had. Cass fought Buchanan in the name of authentic Jacksonianism until, finally, he resigned in protest against treason in the Cabinet. The Jacksonians, by losing the peace, handed to the Whigs, and their successors the Republicans, the leadership of the next war.

Another illuminating case in frustration is that of Samuel Tilden, "whispering Sammy," as this shy, bookish, icy, self-schooled politico was called because of his way (which Jim Farley has) of speaking to everyone in intimate confidence. Tilden fought his party during the Civil War, supporting Lincoln. As Governor of New York State during the Grant administration, when corruption was the fashion, he split his party wide open by smashing the Tweed Ring. This won him the nomination in 1876 against General Rutherford B. Hayes. Tilden won, but was euchred out of the White House. He might very possibly have forced his way into office at the price of reopening the wounds of 1861-65, but he refused. Poor Hayes, taking office under the blackest of clouds, honestly tried to clean up the unholy mess Grant had left, and he succeeded better than he had any right to expect. But we were fated to lose that peace too. The White House was reserved for Republican Presidents, but to stay there they had to be unspeakable. In spite of the fact that in 1880 the Democrats nominated a highly popular and fine general, Winfield Scott Hancock, the Republicans ditched the mediocre, well meaning Hayes for a worthy successor to Zachary Taylor—James A. Garfield. Shortly after Garfield took office, he asked bitterly, "What is there in this place that a man should ever want to get it?" Two months after that an assassin's bullet put him out of his misery.

One of the most suggestive currents running through Stone's book is that of generals and the presidency. Apart from Washington and Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt—who tried to pass himself off as a military hero—the role of the uniform in our political history is, as Stone repeatedly points out, sufficiently impressive to give the MacArthur boom automatic momentum. Not only the winners, but frequently the most successful Also Rans and Might Have Runs—like Sherman and Lee—have been soldiers. The force of the tradition was blunted after the last war by a number of factors: Pershing was not the man; Leonard Wood (who was not much of a hero anyway) was knocked off by the Progressives in the pre-convention fight; war

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had suddenly evaporated as a reality (as it is not likely to do this time); and the party knew it could win with a bum who had no delusions of grandeur. In Mr. Stone's book is to be found a wealth of background illuminating the tradition and tactics of the coming battle of MacArthur.

ELIOT JANEWAY

In Defense of Evolution

Evolution, by Julian Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 645 pages. $5.

"THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES" was twenty-eight years old when Julian Huxley was born; and the great champion of evolution, his grandfather, Thomas Huxley, who lived another eight years, had ended his spirited jousts with the enemy. Yet the echoes of the fray reverberated through the grandson's youth and helped to form his scientific interests. Now, nearly a century since the fact of organic evolution was demonstrated by Darwin's great synthesis of lesser facts and evangelized by Huxley's zeal and skill, even the evolution of man is universally accepted by educated laymen as well as biologists. But, although the existence of evolution is granted by all, its mechanism has remained a source of emphatic disagreement among scientists and of mystification to most persons. In the last couple of decades, new knowledge from many disparate fields has resolved most of these dilemmas. It is fitting that Julian Huxley should be the one to defend the cause of evolution, at its new level on the spiral course of advance, by synthesizing this recent knowledge. Such is the scope of his latest volume.

The book, unfortunately, is mainly for biologists, as the author recognizes: "I have taken for granted in my reader an acquaintance with the basic principles of Mendelian heredity and the major groups of the animal kingdom. With this equipment, the layman interested in biology will, I hope, find the book suited to his needs, though I hope that it will appeal mainly to professional biologists interested in the more general aspects of their subject." Most of its 645 pages are filled with scientific fact and interpretation which, however lucid the reasoning and pleasing the style (as both indeed are), are beyond lay patience and competence. Yet the opening and closing chapters (1, 2, 9 and 10) so effectively and simply present, respectively, the theme and the perspective of this vital subject that it would be sad if only professionals read them. The pill is heavily coated with tasty and nutritious food for the thoughtful. It is well worth sucking, at least.

Basically, the volume constitutes a reinterpretation of the characteristics of individuals and species, as observed by the naturalist and which afforded the raw materials (variation, adaptation, taxonomic groups, etc.) for Darwin's studies, in the light of the great body of genetic knowledge which has developed in our own century. Recent mathematical analyses of gene frequencies in populations and of the influence upon these frequencies (and so upon the evolution of the group) of environmental factors afford the sound bases for considering geographical, ecological and other factors which lead to species formation and alteration. Incidentally, race receives little attention; but the volume contains the facts on which any significant consideration of this pressing topic must be based.

Between the technical lines can be read much of socio-

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logical interest. (What a commentary on man's civilization, for example, that animal species in urban regions shift toward a blacker coloration!) Huxley argues that man alone remains the torch-bearer for any major evolutionary advance. "Conceptual thought is not merely found exclusively in man: it could not have been evolved on earth except in man." Here he admits to being on thin ice and many biologists will not tread with him. Similarly with some guesses as to the future of human evolution. But his insistence that evolution means more than change, and that progress has a biologically valid meaning, is surely sound. He could go further than he does in emphasizing that human purpose and social change, over the long range, are themselves aspects of and understandable in terms of the whole sweep of biological evolution. Biology must set the limits within which man and society can develop. It can already say: "Man . . . must not continue to put off the responsibilities that are really his onto the shoulders of mythical gods or metaphysical absolutes." R. W. GERARD

A Reader's List

ECONOMIC FREEDOM: A DEMOCRATIC PROGRAM, by Charles E. Noyes (Harpers, $2.50). The transition from an economy geared for war to an economy geared for peace may be fraught with dangers to democratic ideals. This is the essential problem of Mr. Noyes's lucidly written volume. He is concerned primarily with the question of maintaining individual political freedom in a society which will admittedly require an expanded program of social control. The discussions of technology, debt, savings, wage policy and social planning point to the fundamental importance of achieving a maximum of public participation in political and economic policy with a minimum of centralized control. The author tells us little that is new, yet it is told so clearly that his book may well serve as a guide to the "middle way" in public policy.

WORKERS AND BOSSES ARE HUMAN, by Thomas R. Carskadon (Public Affairs Pamphlets, 10 cents). The pamphlet is a summary of three books, "Fatigue of Workers," a study by the National Resources Council; "The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy," by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg; and "How Collective Bargaining Works," by the Twentieth Century Fund. Mr. Carskadon has brought out simply and persuasively the fundamental fact of good industrial relations, which all three books suggest: that employers must make it possible for workers to have a sense of participation in the *whole* job of the plant. Specifically, this means the use of such sound devices as the worker-management production committee, in addition to sincere acceptance of the idea of collective bargaining.

CAPTAIN OF THE ANDES, by Margaret Haynes Harrison (Richard R. Smith, $3). A popular, readable biography of Juan José de San Martín, the great Argentine liberator, whose work complemented Bolivar's in freeing Latin America. San Martín was a great general and a sincere revolutionary, but his political vision was not of the widest and his personality not of the most attractive. There is little doubt that in his celebrated conflict with Bolivar that ended in San Martín's voluntary exile in France, Bolivar was on the side of democracy and faith in the people of Latin America, while San Martín distrusted the people, feared a republic and favored establishment of some European monarchy. Miss Harrison has given San Martín all the breaks in this controversy, portrayed Bolivar as a megalomaniac and generally tugged at history until it settled into shape for her, but the concrete achievements of her hero furnish a justification of her point of view.

BEHIND THE SULFA DRUGS, by Iago Galdston, M.D. (*Appleton-Century, $2*). *Dr. Galdston has written a readable* short account of the colorful story of chemotherapy, which owes its advance not to chemistry, as is frequently supposed, but to biology. However, it is the dye industry which is responsible for the initial discovery of the sulfa drugs, for sulfanilamide, because of its color-fast properties, was first patented and sold as a dye. Although Dr. Galdston points out the great advantages this "miracle" weapon has given to medical science, he warns the overoptimistic layman that the value of the sulfa drugs, as far as is known at present, is curative rather than preventive.

TRAIL TO LIGHT, by Robert P. Parsons (Bobbs, Merrill, $3). This is a biography of Dr. Joseph Goldberger, who became one of America's greatest bacteriologists. His genius lay in research, and through the United States Public Health Service he was able to devote his talents to the etiology, prevention and cure of such diseases as yellow fever, typhoid, typhus and pellagra. Goldberger's research in pellagra, begun in 1914, proved without doubt that this disease was not contagious. Its onset, he said, was due to dietary deficiency and "the problem of pellagra is in the main a problem of poverty." After Goldberger's death, and in his honor, his "P-P" (pellagra preventive) was renamed Vitamin G.

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR, by Raymond Postgate (Knopf, $2). Another superior job by the author of "Verdict of Twelve." As a whole it is not quite up to its predecessor, but the sixty-page saga of Herr Mannheim's deliverance from Germany is alone worth the price of admission. The detective-story field is greatly enriched by this author, who evidently believes—and practises it—that the proper study of mankind is man.

Contributors

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA was born in Rome, and came to this country in 1936. He has taught at Harvard, and is now an assistant professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

BENJAMIN C. MCCARTNEY is a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Army Air Corps. He holds degrees from Princeton and Harvard Universities and before enlisting in the Air Corps had been teaching at the University of Wisconsin.

MICHAEL YOUNG is a British journalist and publicist who is on the staff of Political and Economic Planning.

KARL J. SHAPIRO is a sergeant now serving in New Guinea. He is the author of a volume of poetry, "Person, Place and Thing" (Reynal and Hitchcock), and "The Place of Love," which was published in Australia. He has just completed a new manuscript.

ISAAC ROSENFELD is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

ELIOT JANEWAY writes on economic and political subjects for Fortune, Harper's, Asia and the Americas and The Nation. He is working on a book about the political climate of the United States, to be published next spring by Doubleday, Doran.

R. W. GERARD is a professor of Physiology at the University of Chicago. He is the author of "Unresting Cells" and "The Body Functions."

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